

another journal

by
PETT



2/6

the creator of Jane



Photo by DUDLEY STORMAN



by
PETT

A REEF LTD PUBLICATION

THE BOOK THAT PETT BUILT.



There is the Model, not forked,
Who posed for him to the manner born
To go in the Book that Pett built :



Then the Poet, sharp as thorn,
That drew the Model who a not forked
But posed for Pett in a style 'as worn'
By glaucous gosses and babes new-born
(As you'll see in the Book that Pett
built.)

Who, being as fresh as a summer's morn,
And like and free as a field of corn,
Held Clothes and Purty Leagues in scorn,
(Frogs of Grandees all tattered and torn
Who waddy thrusters and wearily worn.)
And make such Pictures as now adorn
This Beautiful Book that Pett built !





THE GOLDEN GIRL

O Golden, so golden and glorious—
 Ye, who gaze on your aureate charmer,
 I can tell that the Sun has been smothered
 Of you, and reposed in your arms.
 Your shoulders are heavenly beguiled,
 Your torso and tummy are gold
 And thereby the Muse you have far
 misled.

With physics untold!

Away with all idyllic lutes,
 Inspired as peaches, and stars!
 To Poets the only right shade is
 The golden's auriferous gleam!
 On every bosom we're browsing
 And necks like the aldehyd stars
 But you—you're a poem (by Browne),
 A statue in bronze!





The "tail" of a Mermaid



First time I saw the Mermaid, sir, was one bright moonlight night last June. She was sitting on a rock in traditional style, combing her long yellow hair and crooning an eerie song which reached me even on the cliffs where I stood 500 ft. above her. A pretty sight—but it gave me a shock, because I wasn't expecting mermaids. I was looking for smugglers.

There'd been a lot of smuggling—jewellery, cameras, and so on—along this coast. A mysterious motor launch had been seen—but not in the harbour of the old town—and as a petty officer in the Coast Guards it was my duty to patrol this part of the cliffs and try to spot where, if anywhere, she beached.

I had in fact just sighted a boat out at sea, but the Mermaid sort of took my mind off her, and she disappeared round the headland while I was still staring at the vision on the rock . . . Thanks, I'll stick to bitter, sir . . .

I just couldn't believe my eyes. But there was no doubting my ears, and that weird, lilting song seemed to invite—or lure—me down. I could have descended the cliff by a certain track I knew, and got a closer view of her if it had been low water, but the tide

was coming in, and hanging with it a dangerous current which would have swept me round that same headland behind which the boat had vanished—and where I knew there was no safe landing, only ragged rocks and flooded caves.

I was still goggling in uncertainty when the Mermaid dived off her perch, and with a few easy strokes gained a cave and disappeared within it—as if she also knew that the incoming tide would be too strong for her . . .

That was all I saw of the Mermaid—or the boat—that night, and the next morning when I signed off at the station I didn't care to mention either . . . just yet. They would have laughed at the Mermaid—and asked me why I hadn't reported the boat, at once.

I didn't mention 'em to Jean, either. Jean Summers was a peach of a blonde I'd chummed up with at the little hotel where she was spending her holidays. She was a sensible, level-headed sort of girl, and she'd admitted she admired my sturdy common sense ("Come on sense" she called it when I got freaky). We used to go bathing together when I was off duty. She was a good swimmer, and could keep ahead of me when only using her arms, with no leg kick. As I chased her round the bathing-pool that afternoon I couldn't bring myself to tell her I'd seen someone—or something—that would knock spots off her as a swimmer. "Take more water with it, Jack!" I could almost hear her scoffing . . .

That advice would have been more suitable for Dukes, my opposite number, who was on night duty on the cliffs that night. He had been trailing round after Jean, too, but her preference for me had driven the poor devil to drink—and he was often only half sober when he went on duty. I couldn't help wondering what would be his reaction if he spotted the Mermaid!

Well, the next day I knew! I was told at the station that Dukes had reported sick after his night watch on the cliffs, and would I mind taking his place on the rota. It looked as if he had seen what I'd seen!

"Keep a special look-out tonight, Jack," said the Commander. "That craft's been reported again, but no one's seen her in the harbour—and I hear more contraband has been getting through!"

Well, I was more interested in the Mermaid than the motor boat was, and I decided to have a look at the ke of the land—or rather sea—during the day, while the tide was out.

So I went round to the hotel to tell Jean I couldn't come bathing with her that day, and was rather relieved to find a message informing me that she also would be out. I gathered she had gone up to town. I knew she earned an occasional few guineas as a film extra, which probably helped her to meet the rather stiff hotel bills, so I wasn't surprised.

I stuffed some bathing trunks and a towel into my pocket in case of emergencies, and set off for the cliffs all by myself. They're not patrolled during the day, as the Coast Guard Station can command the whole sweep of the bay—although, of course, not that particular spot under the cliffs where I'd seen the Mermaid.

And I saw her again! She was curled up as large as life on her rock, with her long bushy tail switching the water which lapped its base, almost as if she was posing for a picture. With trembling hands I raised my spy-glass. Her face was hidden by her streaming hair, and her long, bare, burnished back, glistening with sea-water, was towards me, but I had seen enough, and as I started clambering down the slippery track towards her that same thin, mocking song eddied up like an invitation to—what?

It was half-tide, and a strip of sand still shown round the base of the cliff and the cave where she had vanished that other night, so I felt safe from drowning, at least.

But in my haste and excitement I dislodged a stone, which went rattling down the cliff. The mermaid turned—gave me a glimpse of her wild, beautiful face—and with a squeal, dived off the rock and struck out to sea.

And I nearly lost my footing on the track—because I thought I recognised her!



In a few seconds I was on the beach and stripping off my clothes which I chucked into the cave to keep dry. If I was to catch her I knew I'd have to do it now, before the tide flowed back, and that current was sweeping irresistibly round the headland. Forgetting the menace of the Mermaid's song, I pulled on my bathing trunks and dashed into the sea after her.

Then followed a chase that I shall never forget. She had swum out pretty far, but presently turned to describe a wide arc which I guessed would bring her back towards the cove. I tried to cut her off, and though she twisted and plunged in the most confusing way, with her huge tail thrashing the water I began to overhaul her as she made a line for the shore. Not altogether to my surprise, her swimming was not up to Jean's standard and her tail seemed more of a hindrance than a help. In fact, I gained so rapidly on her that at last, within a few yards of the shore, I was able to fling out a hand and clutch that scaly appendage of hers. I got my other hand on it and began to back-pedal for all I was worth. . . . Then I had my second shock. The Mermaid gave a convulsive plunge, there was a ripping, tearing sound, and her tail came off in my hands—just like a lizard's I'd once grabbed as a boy!

And while I was struggling with the thing, which wrapped itself round me like a sea serpent, I saw Jean's furious, blushing face turned towards me and heard her splutter. "Fool!" as her brown legs, freed from their encumbrance, kicked out and drove her towards the shore.



Yes, it was Jean Summers, of course. I'd stripped her of what little covering she had apart from a few wings of seaweed which served as an inadequate braisette, and yet I had no alternative but to embarrass her further by following in her wake. For the tide was flowing, and I already felt the pull of the undertow that would soon turn the seaweeds racing death trap.

The strip of sand had disappeared, and Jean—a bronzed Aphrodite rising from the waves—climbed into the cave and was lost in its gloom. When I gazed the same haven—for the floor sloped upwards above the reach of the tide—I debatably turned my back on her and gazed out to sea.

It was then that I saw that mysterious motor-launch ploughing her way past us towards the headland. A man was standing in the bows with some sort of machine which puzzled me at first. But long before her engine—and the increasing current—had carried her from sight I grasped the significance of the whole crazy set-up.

They were smugglers, all right, and they were using the Mermaid as a decoy—a lure for eyes that should have been watching *them*—while they dumped their loot in some other cave, no doubt with an outlet some way inland, further along the coast!

And Jean was mixed up in this shady racket. . . I was kicking myself for the way I'd let her fool me, when her angry voice cut in on my reflections:—

"You fathead! You've spoilt the picture!"

I turned slowly, and was rather relieved to see that she had covered her nakedness with a santop and a brief pair of shorts. She was still pretty easy on the eye, and I had to lower my gaze as I muttered stupidly:—"What picture?"

"The shot they were taking of me as a Mermaid, of course!" she snapped. "They're film people, and I've been posing for them all this week. Night takes, mostly, but today they wanted a close-up in full sunlight. You've probably wasted several thousand feet of film!"

I smiled cynically. "Firms eh? Why didn't you tell me you were doing this?"



"You don't think I wanted you goggling at me, do you?" she demanded indignantly. "With nothing on but a tail, and a bit of bladderwrack draped round my—!" She swung away from me with an angry shrug of her brawny shoulders. "And the stupid people didn't want a crowd collecting on the cliff, either. They were me to secrecy!"

"I'm not surprised, I said," as they happen to be smugglers."

"Smugglers? What are you talking about? They're a film company, I tell you. Didn't you see the camera in the boat?"

"No, I didn't," I replied grimly. "I saw a Tommy-gun, and we're trapped in this cave until low water. I hope they don't come back for another shot"

Yes, we were trapped all right, sir. It was impossible to reach the track which climbed the sheer cliff, for the waves were pounding the beach and even breaking thunderously over the little rock on which Jean had perched as a Mermaid.

We were safe enough in the further recesses of the cave for the rest of the day, and Jean had brought a picnic lunch with her, but it was a gloomy feast we shared while we waited for the tide to reach its height, and recede again. I had dressed, and Jean sat opposite me in her suntop and shorts, looking more defensible as herself than as a Mermaid. But I wasn't quite certain of her, yet, and even if I had been I doubt if our situation would have seemed favourable to romance.

But I was to learn at last that she had acted in good faith, and had been fooled even more completely than myself by the smugglers

The moment the receding tide seemed to offer a chance for me to gain the cliff-path, I left the cave and plunged up to my waist into the sea. There was good pull from the ebb, but I felt firm sand beneath my feet, and shouted to Jean that I could make it. "Stay where you are!" I cried. "No sense in you getting half-drowned just yet. I'll fetch help."



I was so intent on fighting my way to the cliff that I didn't notice the motor-launch creeping round the headland. My first warning was a shriek from Jean at the mouth of the cave. My second was a rough masculine voice which carried above the thunder of the sea.

"Easy on there, mate, if you don't wanna be plugged full of lead!"

A tough looking guy was standing in the bows of the approaching boat, covering me with a Tommy-gun. The smugglers had come back, probably to investigate the disappearance of their Mermaid, and just in time to snatch escape from our grasp. There were only three of

them, but they looked the sort who'd stuck at nothing. Continental types, who might easily have persuaded a girl they were in the film business, but obvious thugs to a revenue officer like me.

"Sorry to spoil your petting party," growled the man with the gun, when he had got us lined up in the cave, "but you can continue it on that rock—until next high-water." He paused significantly. "You been useful to us, Jean, helping to fool Mr. Nosey here, but you know too much. So the locals won't see no more mermaids after tonight, nor a certain coast guard, neither. Got that coil of rope, Stephen?"

There's a poem of Swinburne's describing the emotions of a couple of lovers who are lashed, stark naked and back to back, on a rock in and ocean, that used to get me in my romantic adolescence. You may know it, sir.

Well, I can speak for the emotions myself now, although in real life they're not quite what they're made out to be in the poem. And yet there was a certain queer sweetness in the situation, too

We weren't naked, although Jean wasn't exactly over-dressed, and we were both soaked to the skin, but the smugglers had lashed us pretty close together on that rock, so that her soft shoulders were pressed into my back, and left us to die when the full tide washed over us. For who was there to see us drown when it was my look-out on the cliff that night?

And yet, after the first cold shock of despair, a sort of tenderness welled up between us as the moon slowly climbed the stars of heaven. Yes, the mere memory of it makes me feel sort of poetical. Thanks, I'll have the same again

I strained at my bonds and twisted my head until my cheek found the cool softness of hers, and her breath stirred my hair.

"Betty I misjudged you, darling," I panted. "But it seems to me I'd like you to know I love you, Mermaid or not!"

"I could sing again now," was all she murmured, and our lips met.

I've read somewhere of a lass "distasted with the salt of broken tears," but I needn't get poetical again! The ecstasy of that moment was shattered by a faint hail from the cliff-top. We looked up and saw a man waving. And I realized then that the smugglers had made a stupid blunder. They'd forgotten I would have to sign on at the station before I came on duty, and of course when I failed to do so suspicion was aroused, and the Commander sent for Dukes.

He was ashore this time, but he hadn't forgotten the Mermaid and, saying he'd investigate, he rushed to the cliffs just in time to see the tide creeping up round our waists.

It was too late for him to go back to fetch help, but good old Dukes acted in a way that—well, I was real sorry the only way I could repay him was to ask him to be my best man! He came straight down the track to our rescue, and oblivious of the danger plunged into the raging sea and made the rock in spite of the current. Of course when he had freed us we were all three swept away towards the headland like leaves on a torrent. But things were going our way for a change. The motor-launch was moored to a rock outside another cave, and the smugglers were still in their lair, sorting out the biggest collection of contraband goods, from diamonds to drugs you ever saw. But this time I was the right end of the Tommy-gun which they'd left in the boat, and there wasn't even an argument...

The story got around, of course, and the hotel offered us both a fortnight's free holiday, while Jean was asked to be a Mermaid at the local carnival. But she'd lost the most necessary part of her equipment, and anyway you can't expect a girl to wear a fish-tail on her honeymoon. So she went as a Lady Coast Guard instead, and I spent the day in bed with a helluva cold, reading "The Tollers of the Deep."

No thanks, sir. I never touch spirits. Try that chap over there, old Dukes rather hopes he'll see a Mermaid again some day.





So I told him, Listen, I've been a typist for five years and with my figure I don't have to know shorthand!



Geek! I must be engaged!



She met him quite by chance—dropped her hanky in the park with her phone number on it!



I see why you have come here now, old man—It's these fresh young trout!



I told him I was no touch typist—directly anybody touches me I stop typing!



Of course, if you've got pneumonia I won't expect you tonight. But don't let me down again tomorrow night!

KEEP COOL

Keep cool, sweet maid, and let who will get heated,
Do daring things, not dream them, when it's hot;
Let your strip-tease be perfect and completed
And shed the lot!

And if some puntan should show displeasure
At your exposure, plunge into the pool,
And let him soothe and summer at his leisure
While you—keep cool!





THE TWO



TYPISTS





Paula's pet is just a pup
Of somewhat doubtful pedigree,
But when he's finished growing up
The sort of dog he is we'll see,
And he may take another view
Of pretty mistress Paula too!



RET





Is Greta's dog a Brussels griffon
Or just another Pekinese?
The problem is a proper stuff'un,
And not to be resolved with ease,
So let's take Greta's dog as read,
And concentrate on her instead!





A spaniel is Seamus's pet,
 A water-dog who loves to splash,
 Yet Susan, when it turns out wet,
 Protects him with a mackintosh,
 Exposing in transparent rags
 Her own (more satisfying) shape!



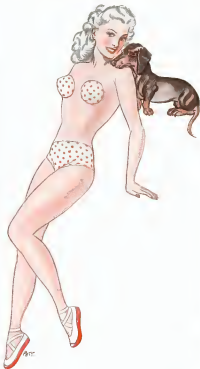
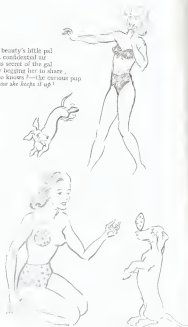
Some ladies love the darling dachs
 Who, though a *lap-dog*, they declare
 Is quite content to warm the backs
 That bathing belles are apt to bare,
 Or, with a two-piece, can become
 A body-belt for Beauty's tum!

The Sesiham, with soulful eyes,
 Observes his mistress comb her hair,
 Not wondering, with heartfelt sighs,
 What makes her so divinely fair,
 But puzzled, anxious and perplexed
 For fear it may be his turn next!





This bathing beauty's little pal
Has such a confidential air
Some precious secret of the girl
He's surely begging her to share.
Perhaps—who knows?—the curious pup
Is asking how she keeps it up!





Molluscus attracts the eye
 When posing on the stage—and yet
 Let parous come all over her
 When faced by her ferocious pet,
 Although of course they need not blench
 From any bulldog—if it's French!





HOW'S TRICKS!



Or, the Conjuror's New Assistant

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce my new assistant—Miss Trix. This is her first appearance on the stage, so she craves your indulgence. You see, she's not used to my little tricks... ha! ha!

Now for the Elusive White Rat. It's here. It's gone. There is positively nothing up my sleeve, but it seems there's something up the lady's skirt!!!

Really, Miss Trix, if you had only waited I should have produced the rat out of my hat or turned it into a harmless rabbit.





You have all heard of
the famous Disappearing
Lady . . . She steps into
the magic box, so—a gorge-
ous vision in full evening
dress.

We close the curtains . . .
One wave of my wand . . .
and . . . hey presto . . .

Dear, dear! I'm afraid
she hasn't quite finished
disappearing yet!!!

If we had waited a little
longer you would have seen
—well, there's no know-
ing what you would have
seen, ladies and gentlemen!
That's the worst of working
with a new assistant . . .



This seems a good
moment to produce
yards and yards of
ribbons . . . flags of all
nations . . .

Goldfish!!!

Pigeons!!!



Which I can conjure
up or spirit away at will
Begone! Away! Vaneish!
All have mysteriously gone
—including, it seems, your
undies, Miss Trix!!!



Quick! Into the box! There's now nothing left for me to do but Saw the Lady in Half!

Saw-Saw! Margery-daw!

Well, I can't help it if you are coming apart. Miss Trux, you should have curled yourself up more carefully.



However, there's no need to be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen! My new assistant is still intact. You see, it's *ALL* done by Mirrors!

END.







Theresa has a rough-haired terrier
 Who's very fond of lan and games
 But she gets mad as he grows rascaler
 And calls him less endearing names
 For spunkik zylors are an error
 When playing with a holy terror!





This lovely creature's lissom lines.

The perfect form and silken hair,
Are unmistakably the signs

Of grace and breeding past compare
In any fancier's catalogue.

Of course, I'm speaking of the dog.





Who wouldn't be this model's pug?

For though he might be called pug-ugly
She clings him in the closest hug

Because no doubt he fits snugly

A lucky dog, to say the least,

To pose for Beauty and the Beast!



The Scotch's an' capstern pup,
 When Sarah tries to teach him
 And will insist on jumping up,
 To get that titbit—or to bust '—
 The silly ass! I'd like to see
 A little sugar tempting me!



A dip into the Past!



When Grandmama went bathing
In eighteen-sixty-three,
Encased in scarlet damask,
She crept into the Channel,
And buried hint and bustle
Beneath the sheltering sea,
For she'd have blushed a royal red
To hear what Mr. Gladstone said!

But when the modern maiden
As slender as she's sleek,
Trips lithely to the ocean,
Apart from sun-tan lotion
She's wearing next to nothing
—Next to nothing, so to speak!
And thinks it fun to make some
beach
Beach inspector feel quite Dizzy!







MY GARDEN

I've happened in my garden
Among the blossoming flowers
Where you'd find me kneeling in the shade
For hours and hours and hours

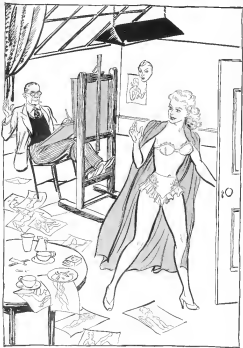


I clasp the tender blossoms
So gently to my breast
And sit well back upon my heels
With my knees up in the dirt

Yes I'm happened in my garden
While the sunbeams explore,
But—for heck's sake take your pictures, man,
And let me go indoors!







I'LL BE SEEING YOU !

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